

COLORED PRINTERS AGAIN.

Bruce Grit "Lins Out a Few Safe Ones" and Discusses Negro Journalism Generally.

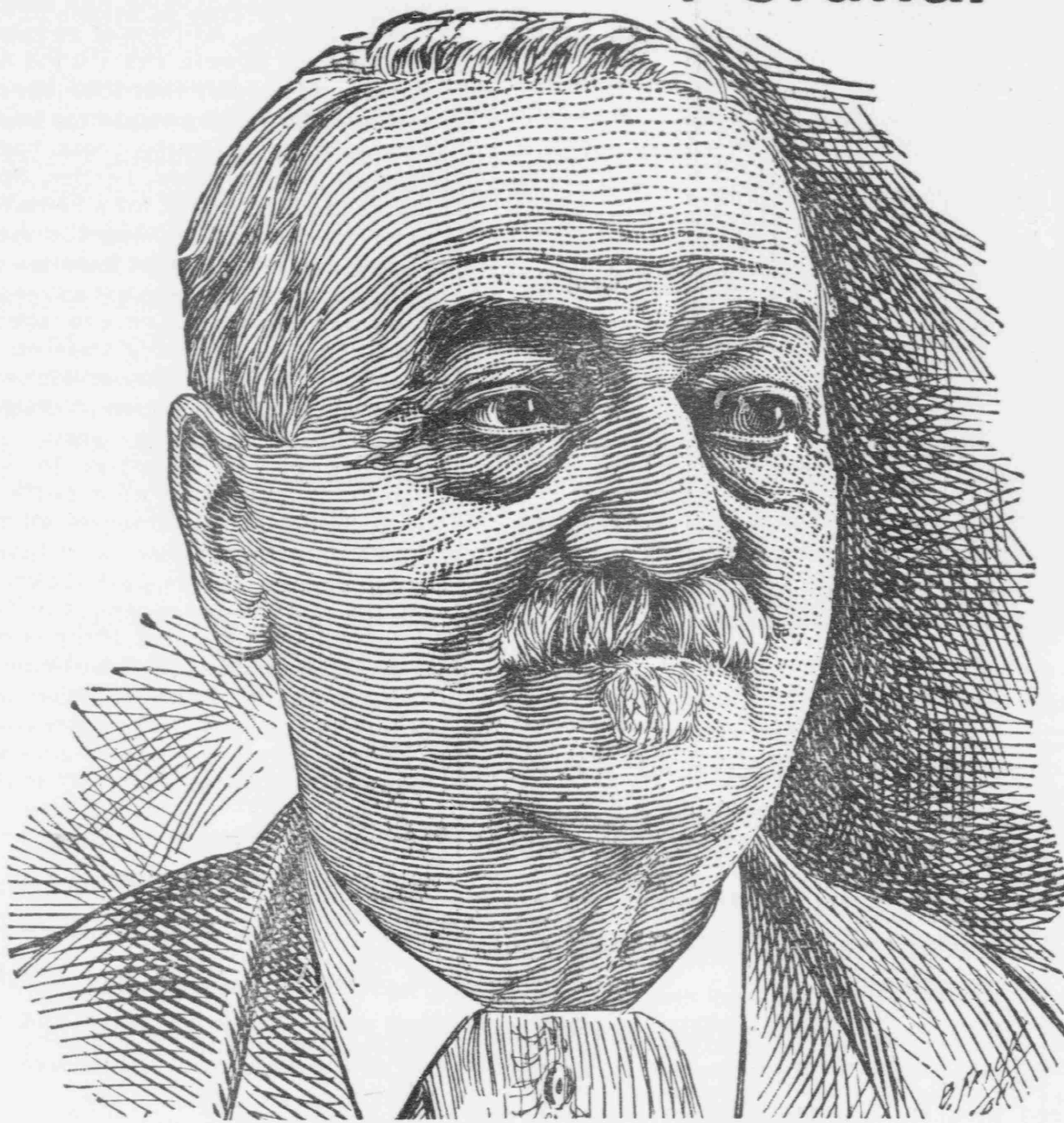
I don't know that I ought to consume time and space in noticing Mr. Emmett C. Jones' rejoinder to my animadversions upon the methods of careless Negro printers, sometimes called "blacksmiths and type butchers." But I must call Mr. Jones' hand when he assails the newspaper offices owned by colored men for making the wild statement that they haven't type enough to do good work. Perhaps Mr. Jones never heard the adage "that bad workmen quarrel with their tools." I have been in a number of Negro printing offices in my life time, as well as white ones, and it is only fair that I should state that the former were as complete in their appointments, and some of them more so, than the latter. Mr. Jones should not make loose and wild statements in the effort to bolster up a bad cause. He must know that the Planet, Odd Fellows' Journal, York Age, Colored American and many other offices are well equipped with material. The Age is one of the best in the country, and he ought to know that there isn't a single "type butcher" on that paper. The foreman of the Age composing room, Mr. W. E. H. Chase, learned the best part of his trade in my office in Washington and is as good a printer as can be found in any newspaper office. Mr. Chase was not satisfied with being a mere machine he wanted to become a thorough master of his trade and he diligently applied himself and now he knows what he knows and why he knows it.

There is no excuse for a bungler, no matter how much he thinks he knows, and "rag bag" printers think they know a great many things that would be important if they were only true. A friend of mine, who is a printer, not a butcher, writes me as follows: "I note your criticisms of type butchers in The Colored American and heartily subscribe to them. For while the proof reader must always come in for his share of responsibility, the average apprentice is too desirous of, and even encouraged, to become a journeyman before he has learned the first principles of even the devilship. The laws governing the trade require the white youth to serve an apprenticeship of three years, three months too often suffice to perfect the Negro would-be printer in the various branches of the 'art preservative.' My time at the—was largely taken in the instruction of apprentices and I know whereof I speak. Time and again has pressure been brought to bear both from the apprentice himself, desirous of too speedy advancement, and the management from a pecuniary standpoint, as well as the exigencies of the situation to have me put a man to the case who barely knew the lay of it to say nothing of the nice points of spacing, justification, etc. This same man five years later (or twenty-five years later for that matter) is placed on his merit (as in the establishment of which I am now foreman) beside his three year apprenticeship white neighbor and after he has signed the pay roll perhaps twice he is gone fired, kicked out. Ask him why. 'Because I am a Negro.' But look at his record. Three months apprenticeship!"

And these finished artists who absolutely refuse while drawing men's pay for boys' work to improve their opportunities in the "poorly equipped" composing rooms of Negro journals because they think they know it all, or because the proof readers don't do their part or because there is no copy editor, bosh! nonsense! Then Mr. Jones, who is evidently accustomed to setting type his fashion from engraved copy on 50 lb book paper makes fun of the chirography of contributors to Negro newspapers and confesses that he cannot read it—this is really too bad. If Mr. Jones had ever worked on the New York Tribune or the Commercial Gazette or any of the great metropolitan dailies in the days of Greeley and Mr. Halstead he would have been fired instantly for his egregious stupidity and mental obfuscation in being unable to decipher the hieroglyphics of some of the great writers of these days. Mr. Greeley's handwriting was execrable, Mr. Halstead's copy, yards and yards of which I have handled, was almost if not quite undecipherable and Charles

A FAMOUS MUSICIAN

Cured of Catarrh and La Grippe by Peruna.



HENRY DISTIN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Henry Distin, the inventor and maker of all the band instruments for the Henry Distin Manufacturing Co., at Williamsport, Pa., is probably the most active old man in Philadelphia today. He and his wife recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, at their home, on South Ninth street. Mr. Distin comes from one of the most famous musical families of the old world, his father and grandfather before him, as well as himself, having played at most all the royal courts of England and the continent.

1441 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., May 6, 1899.

Dr. S. B. Hartman:

Dear Sir—I write to inform you that I had a bad attack of la grippe last December which lasted more than three months, and which left me with catarrh, and several of my friends advised me to try your wonderful medicine, Peruna. I began with a bottle the first week in March and it certainly did me a great deal of good. I was so well satisfied that I purchased another bottle and followed your directions, which you furnish with every bottle, and I am glad to say that it has cured me. I shall certainly recommend the Peruna to all my friends, Yours, very truly,

Henry Distin.

As soon as any one is attacked with la grippe Peruna should be taken every two hours during the day—adults a tablespoonful, children a teaspoonful. But it is the after-effects of la grippe which are generally the most serious unless Peruna is taken. In all cases where Peruna is taken as above during the acute stage the recovery is prompt and complete; but where the ordinary treatment is followed the patient will complain for weeks and months of weakness, slight headache, want of appetite, and many other symptoms of low vitality. Such people should begin at once the use of Peruna—a tablespoonful before each meal, gradually increasing the dose to two tablespoonfuls.

Mrs. Theophile Schmitt, wife of the Ex-Secretary of the German consulate, writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman in regard to Peruna:

3417 WABASH, AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.,
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I suffered this winter with a severe attack of la grippe, and

having repeatedly heard of the value of Peruna in such cases, I thought I would try it. I used it faithfully, and began to feel a change for the better the second day, and in the course of a week I was very much improved.



Mrs. Schmitt.

After using three bottles I not only found the la grippe had disappeared, but my general health was much better. I am satisfied that Peruna is a wonderful family remedy, and gladly endorse it." Yours, Mrs. Theophile Schmitt.

La grippe is epidemic catarrh. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Send for a free copy of "Winter Catarrh." This book contains a lecture by Dr. Hartman on la grippe, which has attracted wide attention. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

BRUCE GRIT.

A NEW SUPERINTENDENT

Of Nurses and Head of Training School for Nurses at Freedmen's Hospital.

Mrs. Sarah I. Fleetwood, the estimable and talented wife of Major C. A. Fleetwood, has just won a signal victory in a national civil service examination and received the appointment indicated in the head lines. Mrs. Fleetwood's record was not only the best of all the competitors in various parts of the country but it was exceedingly high and creditable to a marked degree. It was to be expected that a woman of Mrs. Fleetwood's splendid education and broad culture would do well in any mental test, but her superb standing in an examination of such a character as the one through which she has won such a triumph for her race was beyond expectation. The Freedmen's Hospital is to be congratulated on this new acquisition as the head of one of its departments—a branch hitherto under the supervision of white women. Mrs. Fleetwood brings to her new place exceptional mental and moral qualifications. She is a woman who has had the best of social and educational environment and has always occupied a foremost position in the fields of activity for the development of her race. She was once a school teacher in our public schools, and in recent years she entered the regular training school for nurses at the Freedmen's Hospital from which she graduated with distinction.

Sumner wrote a flat which few men could read. But good printers who handled the manuscripts of these men somehow or other always managed to translate their copy. What does Mr. Jones want for the "butchers" whom he is defending, ready print copy?

It is the business of a man calling himself a printer to know his business. When he doesn't know it he is just a plain "blacksmith" and if he were surrounded with all the type and paraphernalia of the best equipped office in the country his work would show the earmarks of the slovenly, careless "blacksmith." Young men the fault is not in your stars nor in the offices where you have opportunities and privileges you could not get elsewhere—but in yourself. The man who has the WILL to do comes nearer to success than the man who is always complaining about lack of opportunity.

I pity any editor who is reduced to the necessity of allowing these "butchers" to edit his paper.

Mr. Jones I am glad to say is at one with me in the thought that these alleged printers should at least equal any in the profession, but he asks too much—"clean, properly prepared copy, sufficient material to work with, proof readers and his little 'encouragement' every pay day" in order to develop an acceptable workman. This is tantamount to saying that these brethren are really printers, but because they do not have all these niceties Mr. Jones suggests they prefer to remain butchers. But what evidence do these ragbag printers give that they are entitled to this consideration and the "encouragement" which Mr. Jones bespeaks for

them? What encouragement do they give publishers to pay out good money for botch work? It is useless to argue the question, there is no excuse, no justification for the reckless, shiftless, unprogressive young Negro who dubs himself a printer, who lacks tact, enterprise, interest in himself, interest in his employer who is an eyeservant and a bad one at that and who like the democratic party, neither learns anything or forgets anything. There isn't a white shop in the country that would put up with these "finished" artists more than twenty-four hours. A compositor should take as much pride in the mechanical make up of a newspaper or a job as the editor, or the foreman or the proof reader. This plea about the lack of material etc., etc., is all rot. It is a lack of interest. I have spent as much money paying type butchers—and I don't owe any of them a penny—as any man of my age and opportunities. I employed three to do the work on a little weekly sheet I once edited in Washington, they put me in a whole three weeks out of the four and I put them out and hired a Frenchman and two colored apprentices who did more and better work in two days than this bunch of incompetents did in two weeks—these butchers never distributed type excepted as they wanted to use them and they had a habit of sowing the floor of the composing room with type evidently to hide the dirt. Why wouldn't I have a grudge against the type butcher? I don't see that he has improved and until he does my opinion of him will be very pronounced and emphatic. I always try to speak my piece plainly and I hope Brer Jones follows me. I'm through.